92-010

hedst and the De ceitful shine de ceit ful flow There's no thing

nothing true —— but heav'n, There's no thing true — but

3. Thou hast c

In moments
Still thine angl

Thro' the furnace
And shield thee,

92-010

or man's illusion given, This

The smiles of joy the

tears of woe De ceitful shine de ceit ful flow There's no thing

true but heavn, There's nothing true —— but heavn, There's no thing true — but

dim

Heavn.

Andante

"To sigh yet feel no pain" by T. C Moore Esq.

f

To sigh yet feel no pain, To weep yet scarce know why To sport an hour with beauty's chain,

Then throw it idly by To kneel at many a shrine Yet lay the heart on none, To

think all other charms di- vine; But those we just have won This is careless, careless

p

love, Such as kindleth hearts that rove, careless, careless love, Such as kindleth

cres

f

hearts that rove.

f

A favorite Swiss Waltz, with Variations for the P. Forte

Moderato

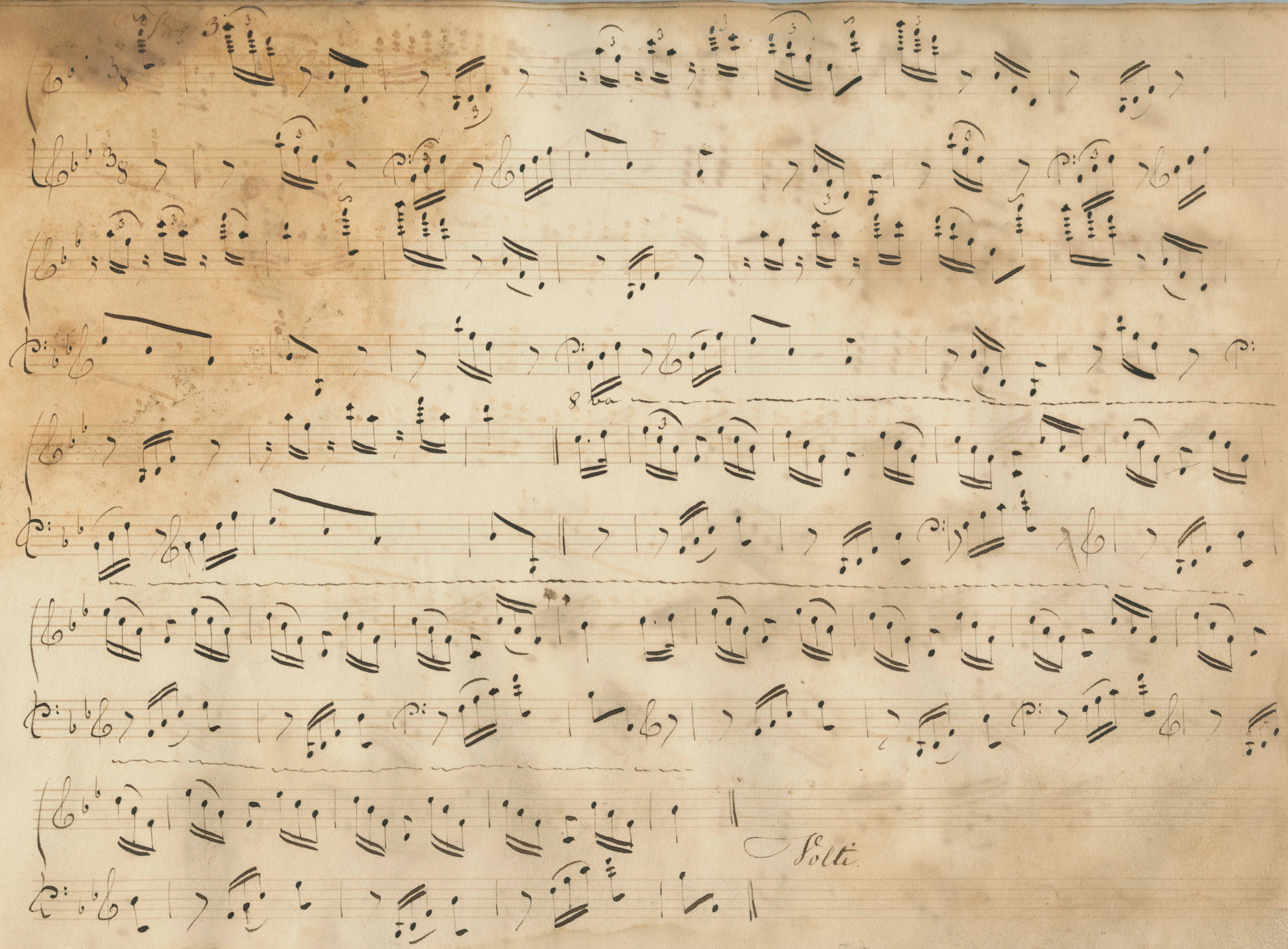
Staccato

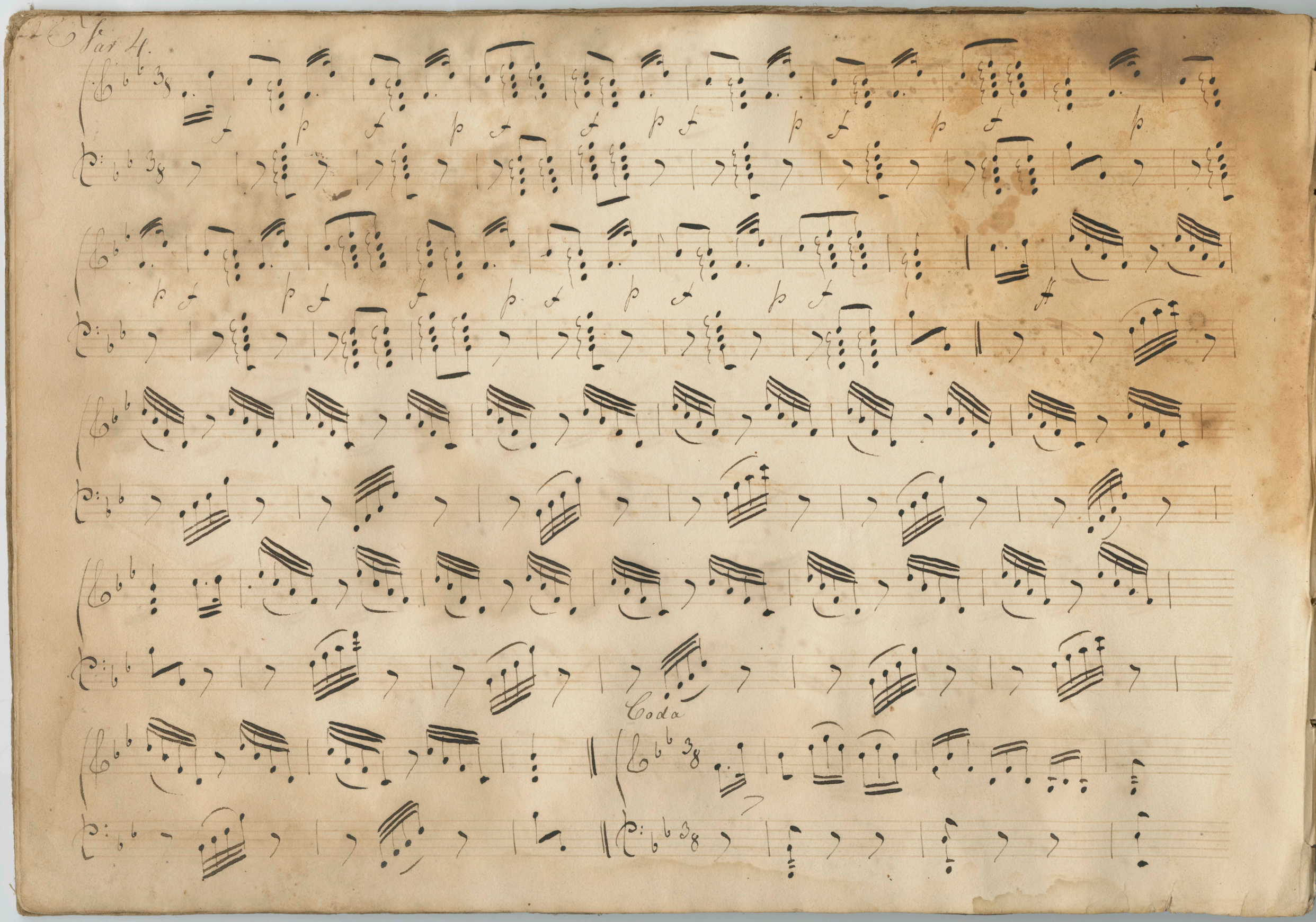
Var 1.

Var 2d.

V.S.

Miss Catherine Johanna


Vat 3
8 va
Volti


Var 4.
Coda

"To the Eolian Harp." Com: by the Rev: L. Wolle.

Minstrel of Na- ture when thy song seem'd breathing from some heav'n-ly

sphere pass'd it the gate of night a long to mourn a sister spir- it here.

J. S.

So sweetly on the ear it rose as some ce-les-tial soul had fled while angels hymn'd its last re-

pose and blest the slumbers of the dead and blest the slumbers of the dead.

Thomas Hargrove

Marcella Jones

H 88

Marcella Jones

Jones

"Genl: Coffee's March."

Q. Dolcente Concento. Secondo.

Allegretto. p

cres

f

p

cres

f

Var 1.

dolce

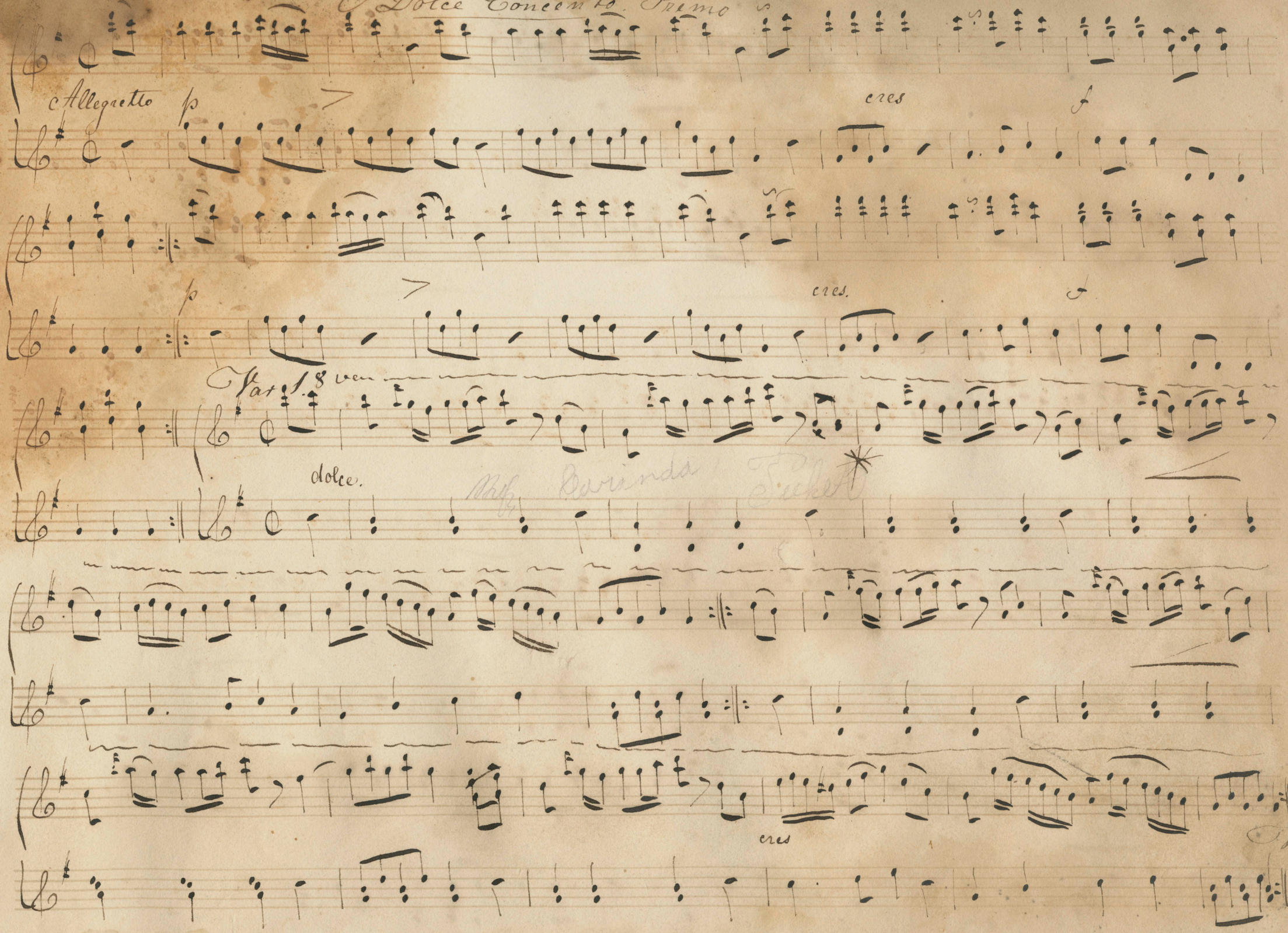
cres

p

cres

P.S.

O Dolce Concento Primo



Var 2. Scherzando Secondo.

Var 3. Con Espressivo Un Poco Andante.

cres

cres — cen — do

Var 2 Scherzando Primo

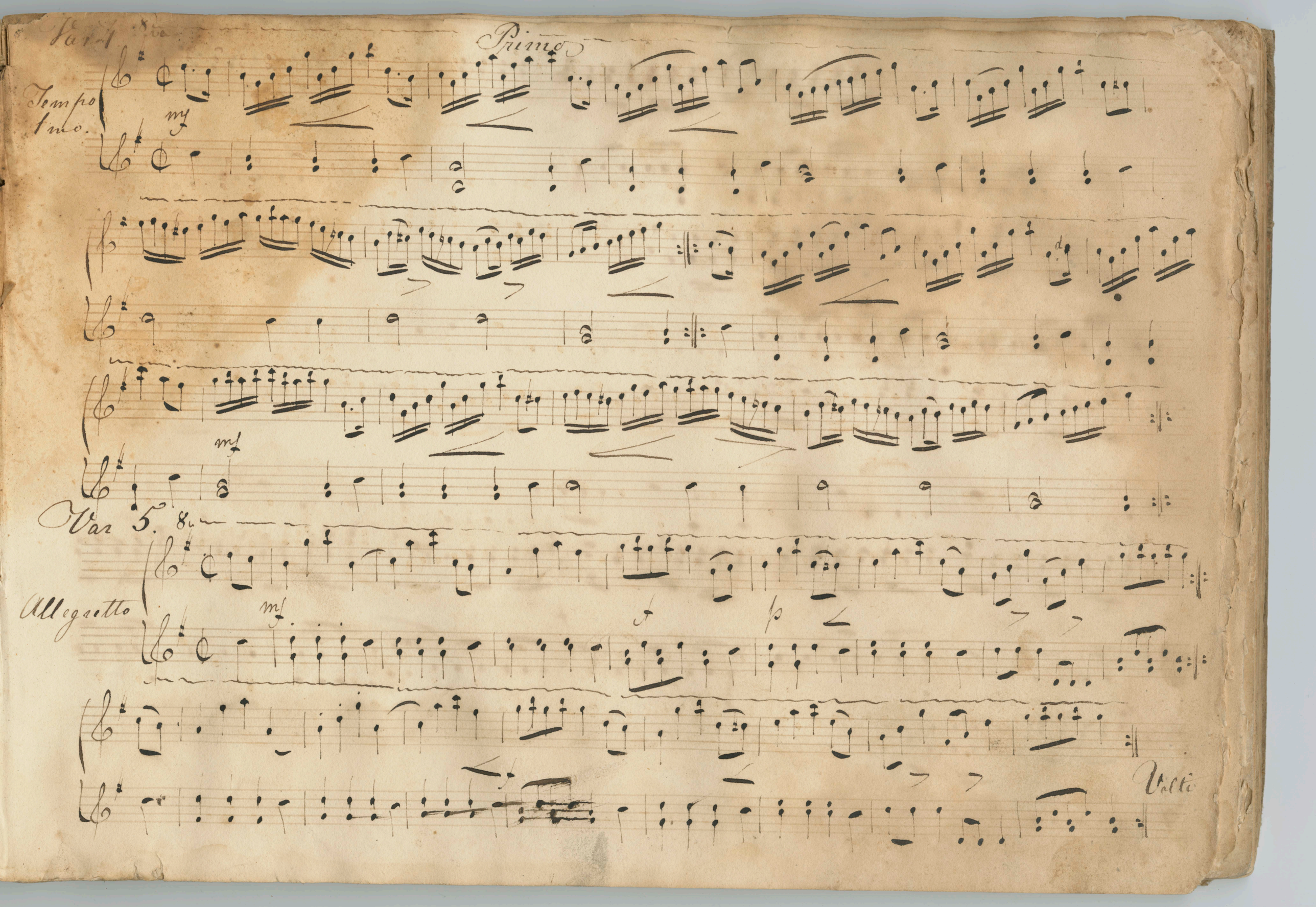
Un Poco Andante Var 3 Con Espre.

cres

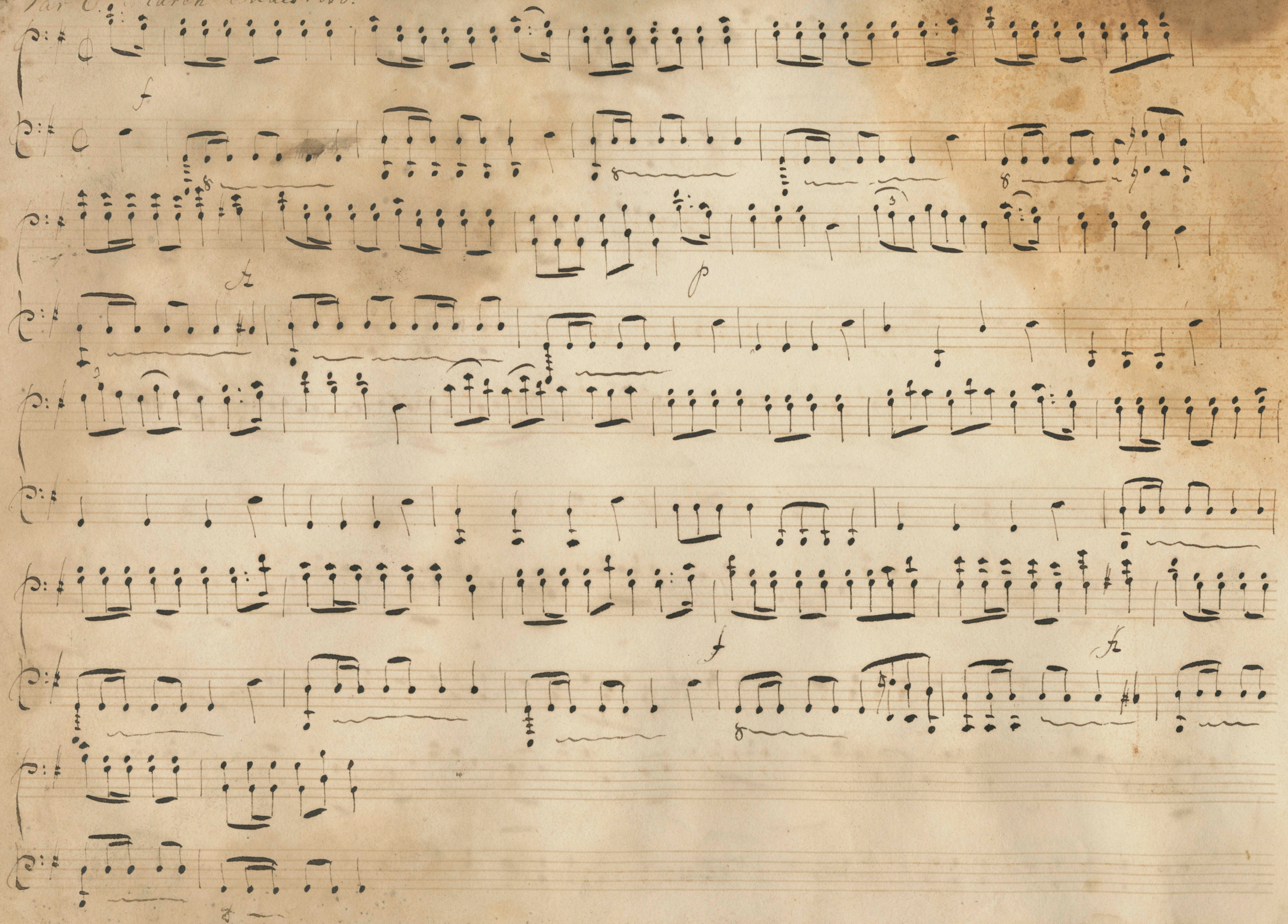
cres cendo

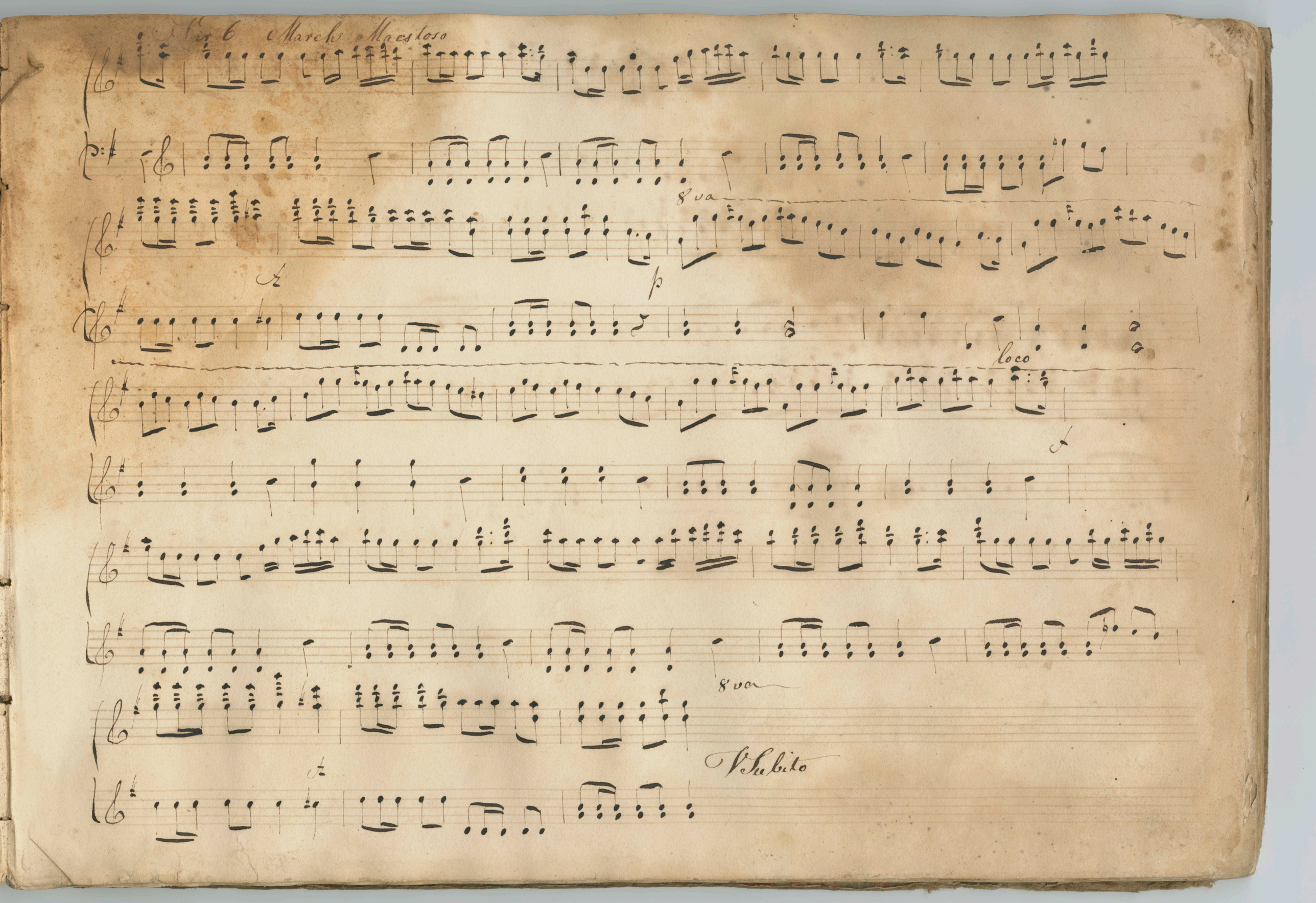
Var 4. Tempo 1mo Secondo

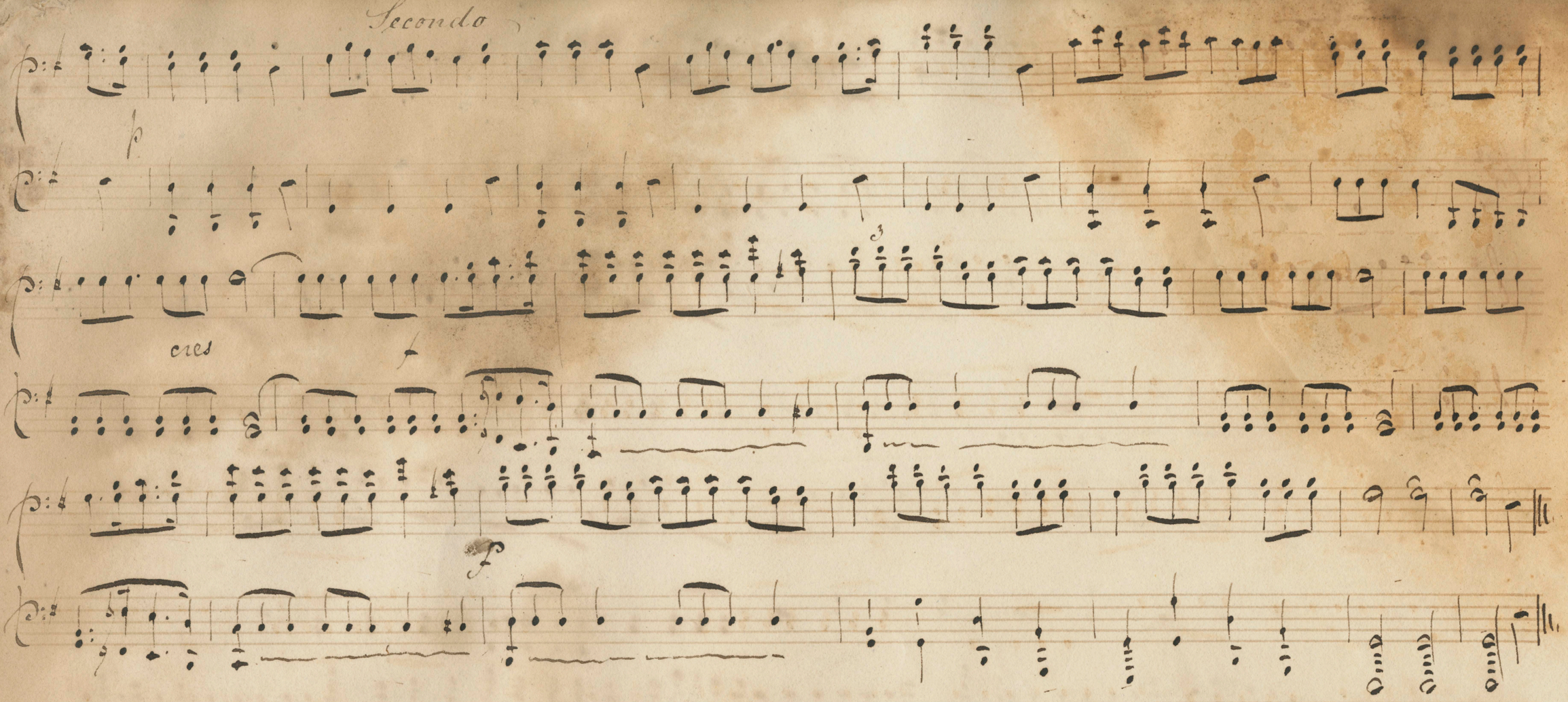
Var 5. Allegretto

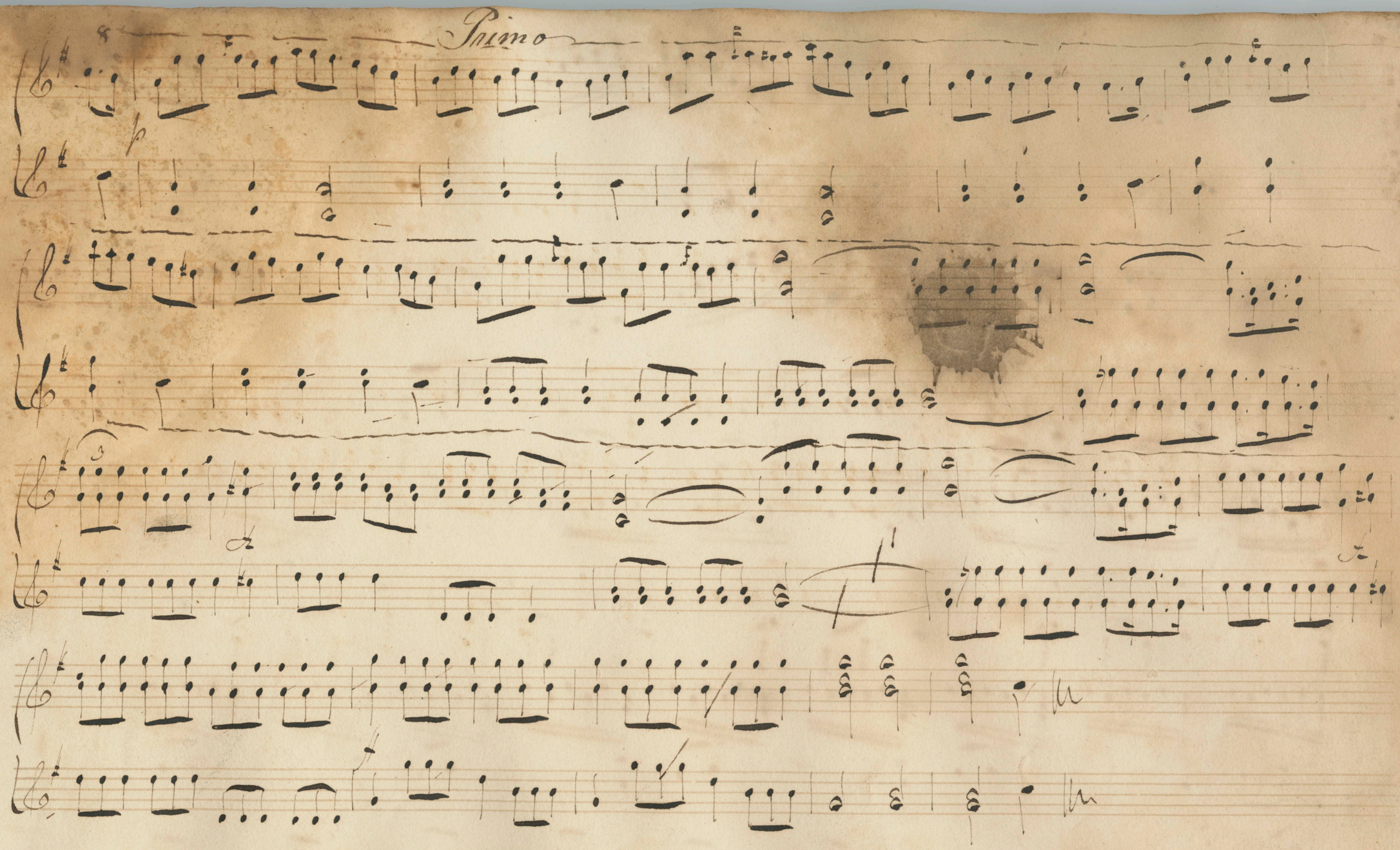

Var 4
Primo
Tempo 1mo.
mf
mf
Var 5.
Allegretto
mf
f
p
Volti

Var 6. March Maestoso.




Nr 6 March Maestoso
8va
p
loco
8va
V. Subito


Secondo
p
cres
f
f


Primo

"Brazilian Waltz."

"Sweet Harmony"

A favorite Duett

Andante

Flute & Horns

rf

pp

dolce

Rivers

Yes, when thou hear'st the gen-tle breeze That wafts thy love thro' fav'-ring

fp

pp

seas, To vic- ——— to-ry.

Then let thy lute's

cres

fz

V. Subito

H Jonly

soft note pre — vail And mur — mur with the sigh — ing gale, The sigh — ing

p cres rinf rinf

gale Sweet — Har — mo — ny Sweet — Har — mo — ny Sweet — Sweet —

dol cres

Har — mo — ny

rinf dolce

Laura

But when the wind with stor – my roar Shall bid me wish my love on

sp sp sp rinf fp

shore From tem – pests, from tem – pests free His –

cres f ff

per – il shall my Lute be wail And min – gle with the fear – ful gale

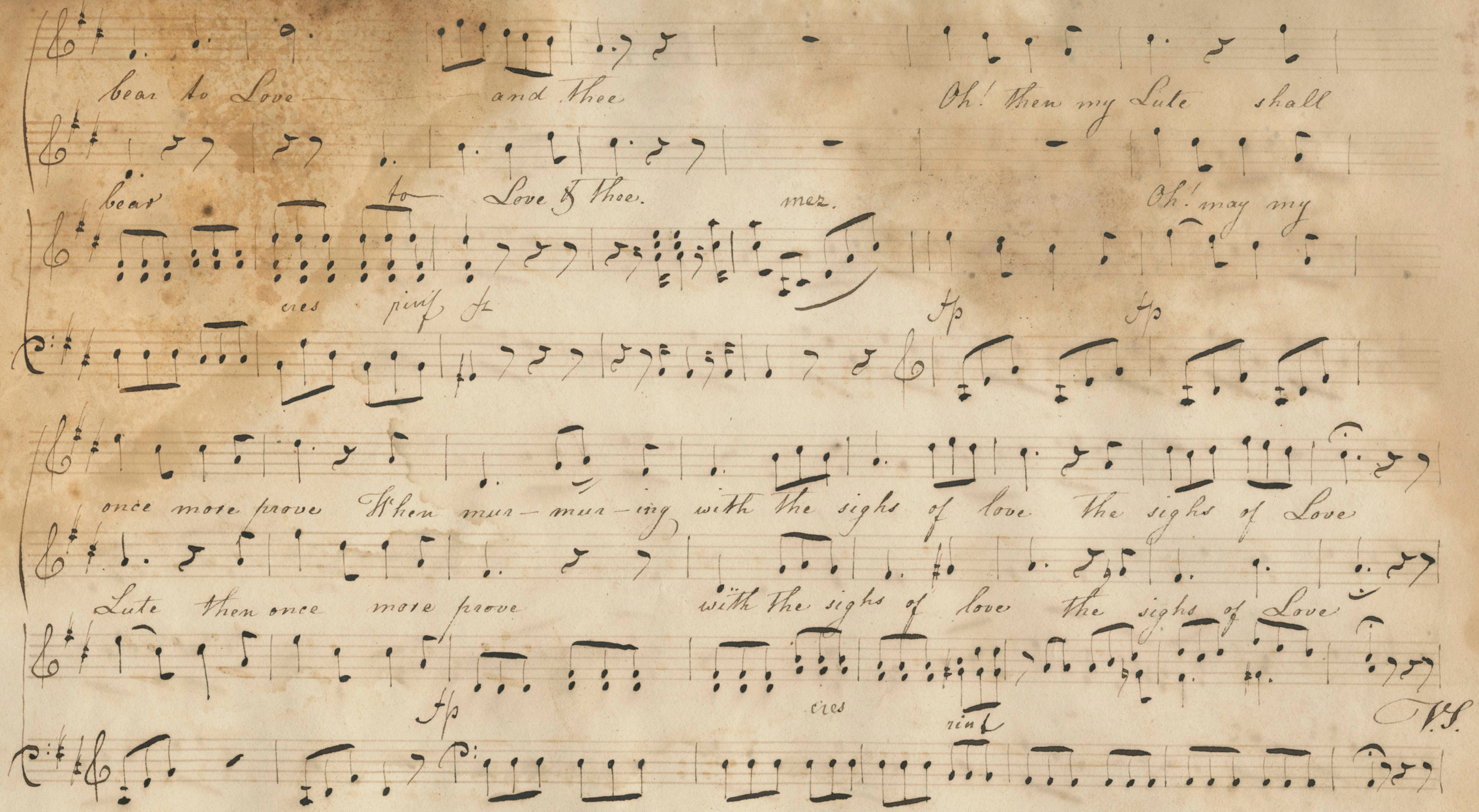
pp

D.S.

Sad Har-mo-ny Sad Har-mo-ny Sad Sad Har-mo-ny

But should the blast that wakes my fear, On swift-er wings my Ed-ward.

But should the blast that wakes my fear, On swift-er wings thy Ed-ward


bear to Love and thee Oh! then my Lute shall
bear to Love & thee. mez. Oh! may my

once more prove When mur-mur-ing with the sighs of love the sighs of Love
Lute then once more prove with the sighs of love the sighs of Love

V.S.

Sweet Har mo ny

Sweet Har mo ny Sweet Sweet

dol

Sweet Har mo ny Sweet Har mo ny Sweet

Har mo ny Sweet

fp dol p

Sweet Har-mo-ny Sweet Sweet Har-mo-ny Sweet

Sweet

f

Ad lib

Har-mo-ny Sweet Har-mo-ny.

Har-mo-ny Sweet Har-mo-ny

cres

dim

Fine

Passing the Douro at Toro

Lord Wellington moves the

Quick March

Drums & Fifes

cres

Allies to concentrate on the Guarana.

loco

Band

The Fourth & light Divisions of Infantry &c

Maj Gen: Ausons brigade of Cavalry marching

Slow March.

to Catiejon

Fine

D.C.

Slow March.

The Enemy commences the attack at Cabezon.

Bayonets

Maj. Genl. Alten's cavalry supported by the third

Dragoons engaged with the Enemy's Cavalry.

Close Attack with the Broad sword.

The French Genl. Carrier taken.

Lt. Genl. Cole attends

Bugle.

the Enemy's Infantry

bis

loco

cres

f

p

D.S.

Marmont maneuvres towards Babilafuenta & Villanda

Andante

bis

bis

Marmont extends his line to the left & Marquis

Circulation of Orders to the Officers commanding

Largo

pp

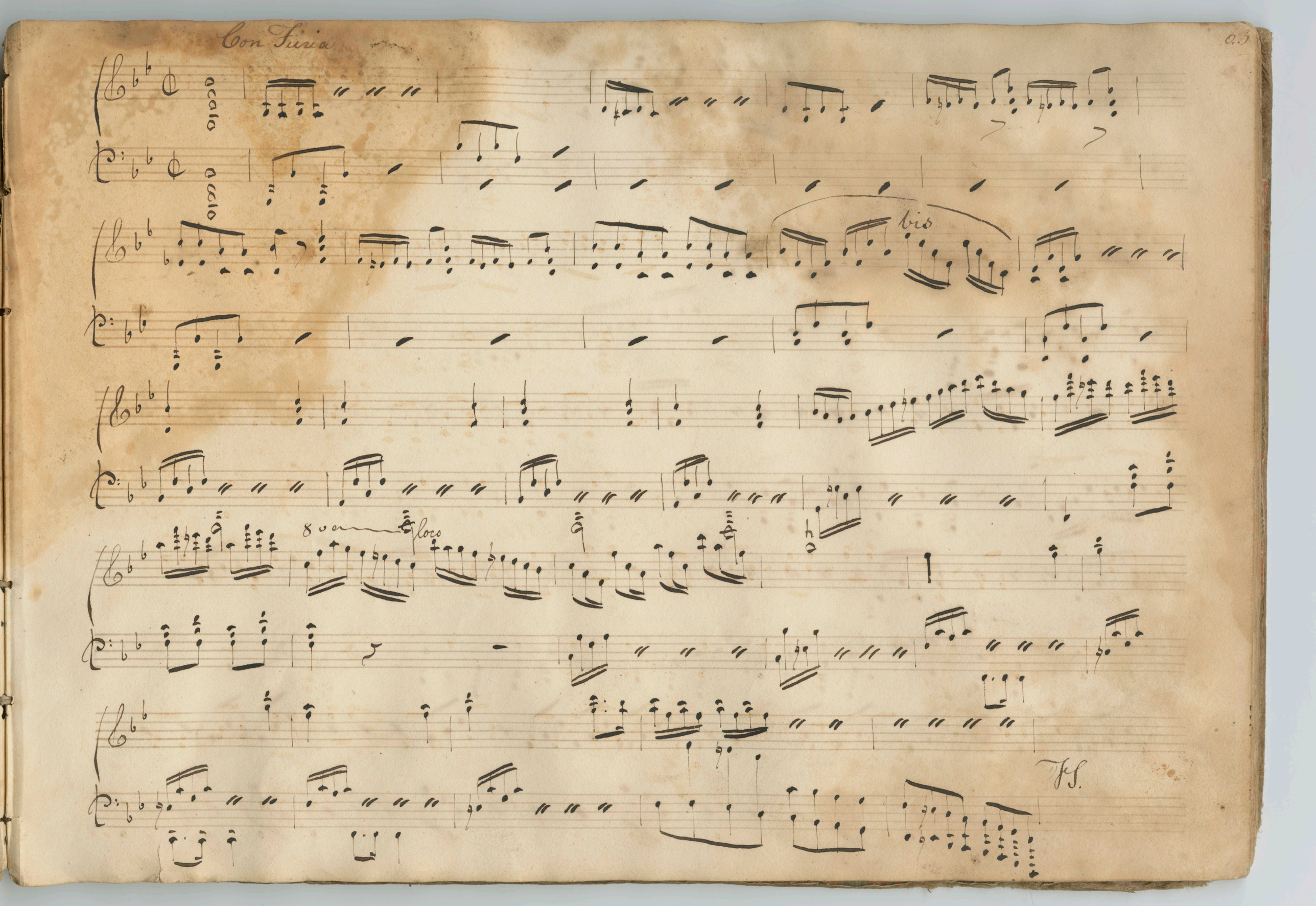
Wellington commences the Grand Attack of the 22. July 1812.

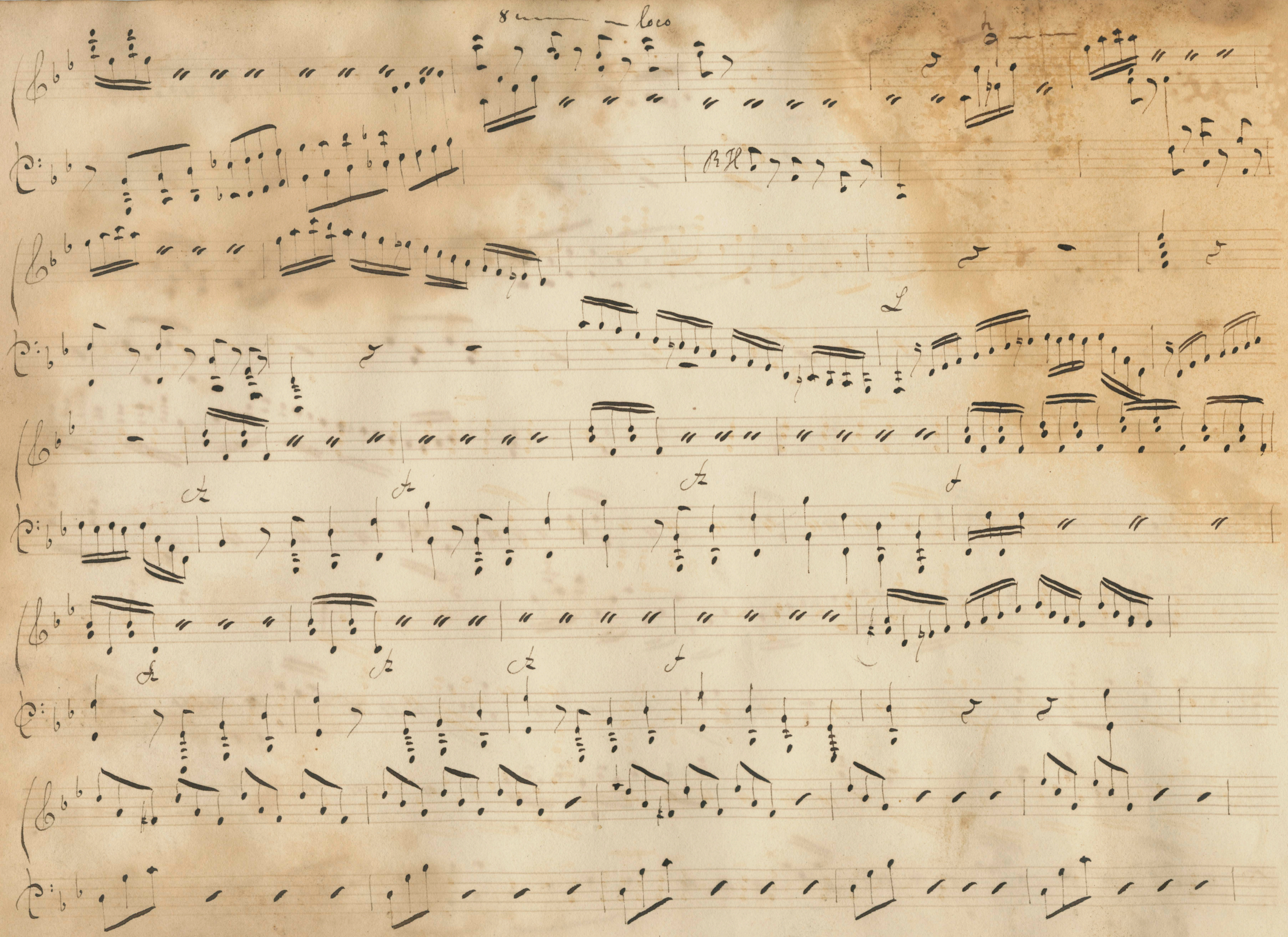
different Brigades

pp

pp

ppp


Con Furia
a cielo
a cielo
bis
8va
loco
F.S.


8 loco
RH
L

V. Subito

8va loco

The British & Allied troops after taking

Quick Step

care of the wounded & Prisoners march into Sala manca with their Hero at their head.

Trio

D.C. Quick Steps.

Groans of the Wounded & dying in the Streets & Hospitals

Adagio

S.A.

Bugle Call

Band.

Park & Tower Guns

The news arrives in England

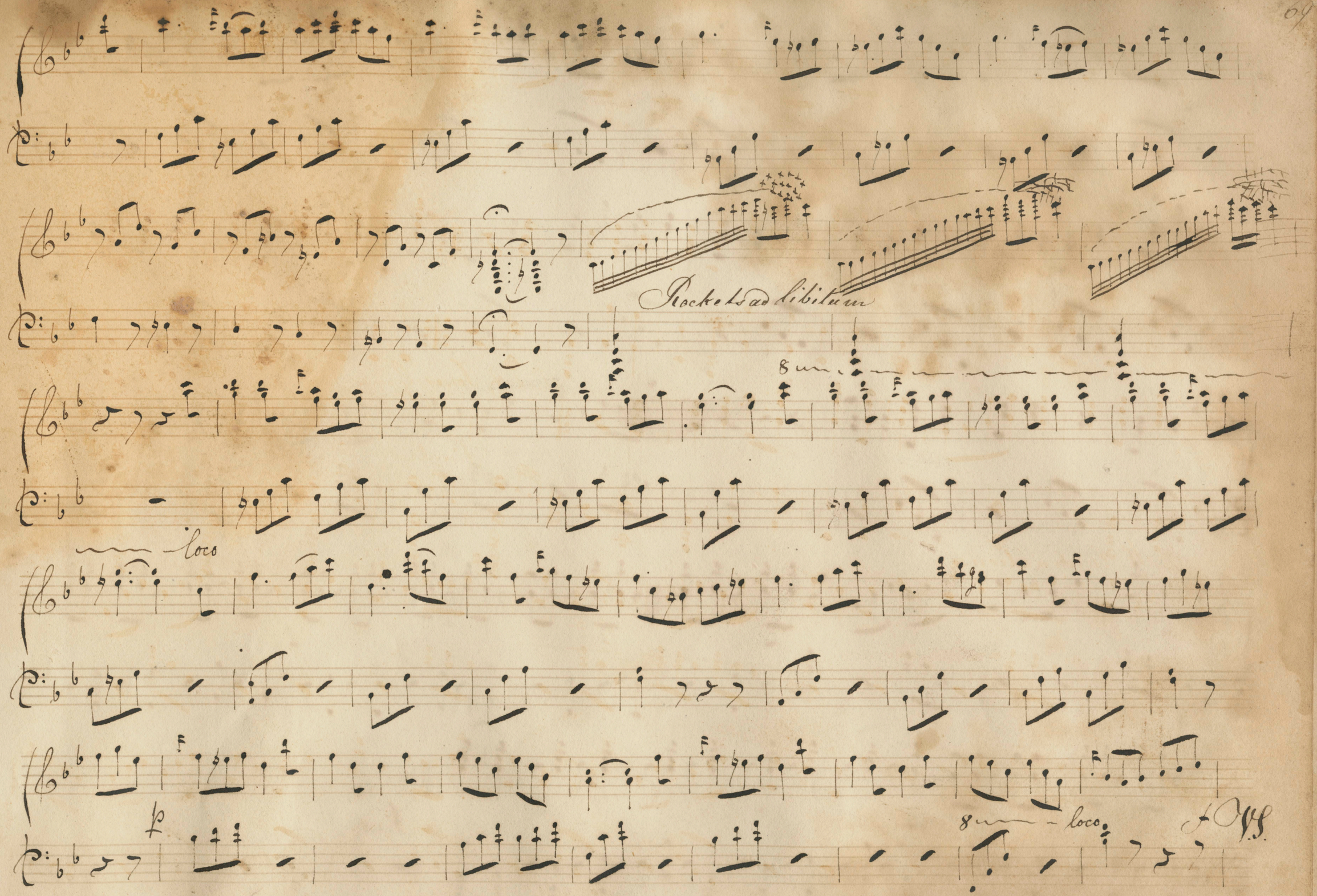
Finale

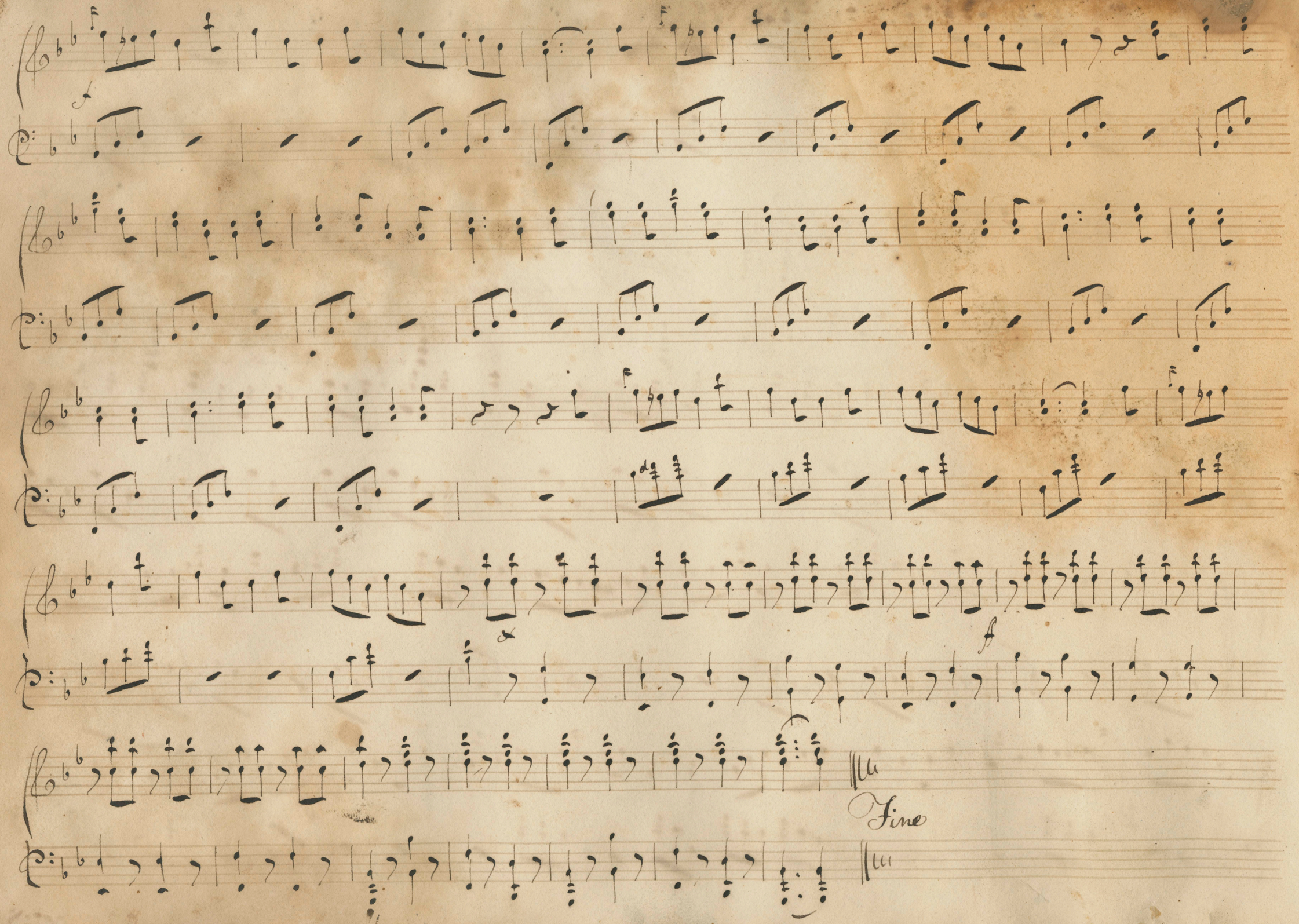
bis

Allegro

Illuminations

cres


Rockets ad libitum
8
loco
p
8
loco
f
V.S.


Fine

Now at Moonlights &c. A favorite Duett, Com: by T. Thompson.

Canto 1mo

Canto 2do

Siciliano

Now at moonlight's fai — ry hour, when faint — ly gleams each dewy steep,

Now at moonlight's fai — ry hour, when faint — ly gleams each dewy steep,

Accompaniment for the Harp or P.F.

Siciliano

1st

2d

And vale and moun — tain lake and bow'r in sol — i — ta — ry gran — deur sleeps. grandeur sleeps

And vale and moun — tain lake and bow'r in sol — i — ta — ry gran — deur sleeps grandeur sleeps.

When slow-ly sinks the ev'-ning breeze that lulls the mind in pen-sive ease &

When slow-ly sinks the ev'-ning breeze that lulls the mind in pen-sive ease and

fan-cy lof-tier vi-sions sees, bid music wake the si-lent air, bid mu-sic wake the

fan-cy lof-tier vi-sions sees, bid music wake the si-lent air, bid mu-sic wake the

f

p

ad lib:

si— lent air the si— lent air, the si— lent air. Bid the merry merry

si— lent air the si— lent air the si— lent air Bid the merry merry

pp mf

merry la— bor sound, and with the fays of lawn or glade in trip— ling cir— clets beat the

merry la— bor sound, and with the fays of lawn or glade in trip— ling cir— clets beat the

Vs

ground, under the high trees trem-bling shade Bid the merry merry merry ta-bor

ground, under the high trees trem-bling shade Bid the merry merry merry ta-bor

sound and with the fays of lawn or glade in trip-ling cir-clets beat the ground

sound and with the fays of lawn or glade in trip-ling cir-clets beat the ground

under the high trees trem- bling shade under the high trees trem- bling shade

under the high trees trem- bling shade under the high trees trem- bling shade

Now at moonlight's fai- ry hour shall music breathe her dulcet voice O'er the waves with

Now at moonlight's fai- ry hour shall music breathe her dulcet voice

p

V.S.

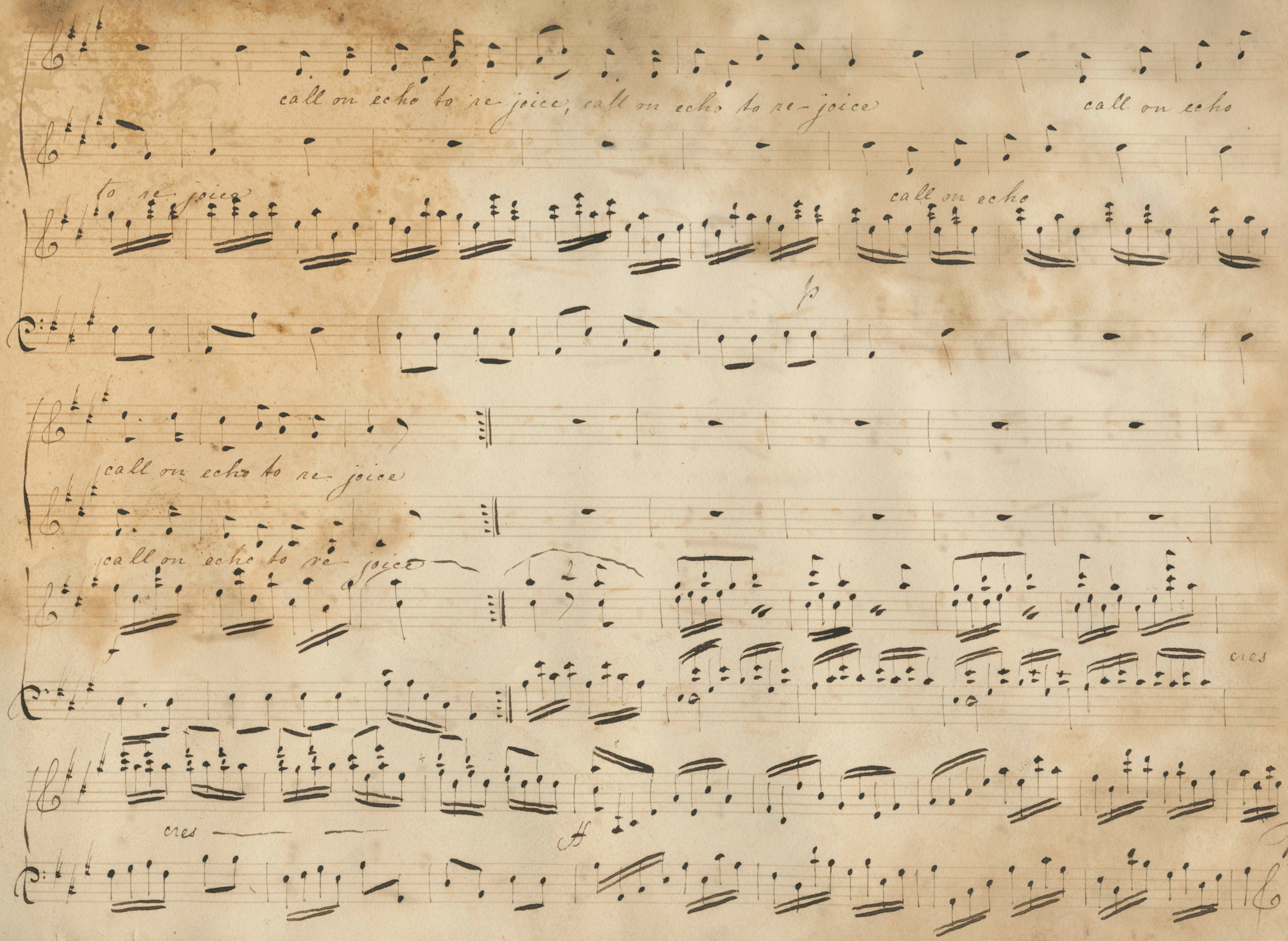
magic powr and o'er the waves with magic powr call on echo call on echo to re

and o'er the waves with magic powr echo call on echo to re

joice echo call on echo to re joice

joice call on echo call on echo to re joice call on echo to re joices call on echo

f


call on echo to re-joice, call on echo to re-joice
call on echo
to re-joice
call on echo
p
call on echo to re-joice
call on echo to re-joice
f
cres
cres
ff
V.S.

"Tis Love in the Heart"

The much admired Rondo as sung & com. by C Horn

Allegretto Shenzo.

What is it that drives the red rose from the cheek, Or the Li-ly dis-places by

blushes that speak That dims the bright beam by a tear in the eye, That checks

The young smile by The murmuring sigh 'Tis love, 'tis love in The heart 'tis love 'tis love

in The heart.

And what bids the Soul the e

mo-tion de-clare By The glance of an eye when The lips do not dare 'Tis love! 'tis love

V.S

in the heart 'Tis love 'tis love in the heart What is it that drives the red rove

ad lib

from the cheek Or the lily dis—pla—ces by blush—es that speak That dims the bright

beam by a tear in the eye, That checks the young smile by the murmuring sigh! 'Tis

love, 'tis love in the heart 'Tis love 'tis love in the heart, And What when its

dol

meaning a- no- ther can guess Em- bol- dens the tongue the fond thought to ex- press Em-

bol dens the tongue the fond thought to ex- press! 'Tis love 'tis love in the

p

D.S.

heart, 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart 'Tis love 'tis love in the heart 'Tis love, tis

love in the heart.

"Sigh not for love"

Allegretto

Ah! Sigh not for love if you wish not to know, Ev'-ry tor-ment that waits on us mor-

tals be- low; If you fain would a- void all the dangers and snares that at- tend

human lot and es- cape all its cares, Sigh not for love, Sigh not for love

V.S.

Sigh not for love; Sigh not for love If you fain would a— void all lifes dangers and snares

Sigh not for love If cheerfulness smile on the

glass as you sip and you wish not to dash the sweet cup from your lip, If lifes ills you'd see

sparkle with pleasure's gay beam Nor de- stroy the gay bubbles that rise on the stream

Espressivo

Nor des- troy the gay bubbles that rise on the stream. Sigh not for love Sigh not for love

Ah! sigh not for love if you wish not to know ev- ry tor- ment that waits on us mortals be

low If you faim would a-void all lifes dan-gers & snares Sigh not for love

If you dread the sharp pangs that af-sail the fond

heart & you wish to shun sorrow and mirth would impart If you prize a calm life with con-

= tent- ment and ease, If pleasure can charm you and liberty please Sigh not for love Ah!

sigh not for love - - - - - Sigh not for love! Ah! sigh not for love if you wish not to

know Ev- ry tor- ment that waits on us mor- tals be- low

V.S

If you fain would a- void all the dangers and snares That attend human lot and es—

cape all its cares. Sigh not for love Sigh not for love Sigh not for love Sigh not for

love If you fain would a- void all life's dan-gers & snares. Sigh not for love!

We part to meet no more

Andante Affectuoso

Mrs Holman

Mrs Howard — For-lorn and brok-en heart-ed I weep, I weep my last a-dieu, And

Piano — For-lorn and a-

Forte

p

V.S.

sigh o'er joy de-part-ed That time, That time can ne'er be now Fare well my

sigh &c

love I leave thee, For some far distant, distant shore Let no fond hope de-

love I

ceive Thee, We part, we part to meet no more.

ceive Thee

2d verse

Tho grief may long oppress Thee, Your love, your love I'll ne'er re sign, My latest

Tho grief

Vs

sigh shall bless thee My last, my last sad tear be thine, Fare well my love I leave thee For

sigh

some far distant, distant shore, Let no fond hope deceive thee We part, we part to meet no

some far

more

Finis.